The doleful Dance, and Song of Death; Intituled, *Dance after my Pipe.*

To a Pleasant New Tune.

CAn you dance the shaking of the sheets,
a dance that every one must do?
Can you trim it up with dainty sweets,
and every thing as longs thereto?
Make ready then your winding-sheet,
And see how you can fit your feet,
For death is the man that all must meet.

Bring away the Begger and the King,
and every man in his degree,
Bring the old and youngest thing,
come all to death and follow me.
The Courtier with his lofty looks,
The Lawyer with his learned Books,
The Banker with his casting-hooks.

Merchants have you made your Part in
(France,
in Italy and all about?
Know you not that you and I must dance,
both our sculs wrapt in a clout:
What mean you to make your houses gay,
And I must take the Tenant away,
And dig for your sakes the clods of clay.

Think you on the solemn Sizes past,
how suddenly in Oxfordshire,
I came and made the Judges all agast,
and Justices that did appear,
And took both Bell and Baram away,
And many a worthy man that day,
And all their bodies brought to clay.

Think you that I dare not come to Schools,
where all the cunning Clerks be met?
Take I not always both wise and fools,
and am I not in every Coat?

Assure your selves no creature can,
Make death afraid of any man,
Or know my coming where or when.

Where be they that make their Leases strong
and joyn about them land to land,
Do you make account to live so long,
to have the world come to your hand:
No foolish nowle, for all thy pence,
Full soon thy soul must needs go hence,
Then who shall toyl for thy defence.

And you that lean on your Ladies laps,
and lay your heads upon their knee,
Think you for to play with wanton paps,
and not to come and dance with me:
No, fair Lords and Ladies all,
I will make you come when I do call,
And find you a Pipe to dance withal.

And you that are dusht-headed fools,
to bubble of a pelting straw,
Know you not that I have ready tools,
to cut you from your crafty Law:
And you that falsely buy and sell,
And think you make your Markets well,
Must dance with death wherefor're you dwel

Pride must have a pretty sheet, I see,
for properly she loves to dance,
Come away my wanton Wench to me,
as gallantly as your eye can glance:
And all good fellows that flash and swash,
In reds and yellows of rewl dash,
I warrant you need not be so rash.

For I can quickly cool you all,
how hot or stout so e're you be,
Both high and low, both great and small,
I nought do fear your high degree.
The Ladies fair, the Beldams old,
The Champion stout, the Souldier bold,
Must all with me to earthly mold.

Therefore take time while it is lent,
prepare with me your selves to dance,
Forget me not, your lives lament,
I come oftentimes by sudden chance.
Be ready therefore, watch and pray,
That when my Minstrel pipe doth play,
You may to Heaven dance the way.

FINIS.